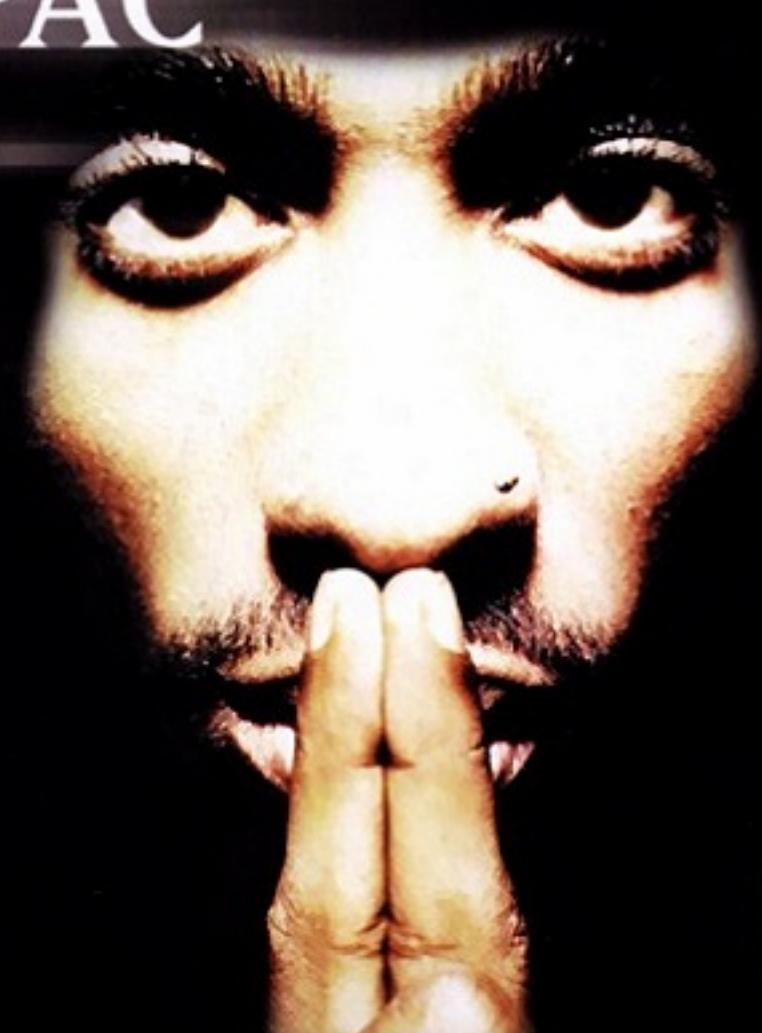


2PAC



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

R U still down?  
[remember me]

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Redemption"

Hahahahaha!

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

Once again! Hahaha!

Once again! Hahaha!

(Thug Life bitch)

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me!

(Goin out like that)

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! [\*lower pitch\*]

Hahahahaha!

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! [\*lower pitch\*]

[2Pac:] Open fire on you niggas

(Thug Life bitch)

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! Hahahaha

(Goin out like that)

Once again! Hahaha!

Once again! Hahaha!

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

[2Pac:] Open fire on you niggas [\*lower pitch\*]

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! [\*lower pitch\*]

Once again! Hahaha!

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me!

Once again! Hahaha!

[2Pac:] Open fire on you niggas [\*lower pitch\*] (repeats in background)

Once again! Hahaha!

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me!

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! Hahahaha

[2Pac:] Y'all can't kill me! [\*lower pitch\*]

(Thug Life bitch, goin out like that)

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Ricky Rouse

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Open Fire"

"Alright now, here we go"

Tell me, how many real motherfuckers feel me?  
I smoke a blunt and freak the funk until these jealous motherfuckers kill me  
I'm out the gutter, pick a hero  
I'm 165 and stayin' high 'til I die, my competition's zero  
Cause I could give a fuck about you, you better duck  
Go or I'll be forced to hit yo' ass up, I give a fuck  
I'm sick inside my mind, why they sweat me?  
It's gonna take an army full of crooked ass cops to come and get me  
Niggas know I ain't the one to sleep on, I'm under pressure  
Gotta sleep with my piece, an extra clip beside my dresser  
Word to God I've been ready to die since I was born  
I don't want no shit but niggas trip and, yo, it's on  
Open fire on my adversaries, don't even worry  
Better have on a vest aim for the chest and then you buried  
It's a man's world, niggas get played, another stray  
Hope I live to see another day, hey!  
I'm gettin' sweated by these undercovers  
Who can I trust, got my mama stressin', thinkin' it's a drug bust  
Gotta get paid but all the drama that's attached  
We livin' a drug life, THUG LIFE, each day could be my last  
Will I blast when it's time to shoot? Don't even ask  
That's the consequences when ya livin' fast  
Six bricks of tricks, for my niggas, I gotta come up  
and recoup, you keep the dope just bring me six figures  
Is it a bust? I hear the sirens, run for cover  
over the fence and open fire

"Alright now, here we go"

These motherfuckers on my ass I'm in traffic, will it be tragic?  
I'm comin' round the corner like I'm Magic  
Doin' ninety on the freeway, and hittin' switches  
In a high speed chase with these punk bitches  
Don't turn around I ain't givin' up, cause they don't worry me  
Pussy ass bitches better bury me  
Runnin' outta gas time to park it, I'm on foot  
We in the hood, how the fuck they gon catch a crook? Haha  
I got away cause I'm clever  
Went to my neighbors for a favor now you know players stick together  
I watch the scene from the rooftop, spittin' loogies  
At the coppers that pursue me, beotch!  
I be a hustler til it's over, motherfucker  
Open fire on you bustas

"Alright now, here we go"

Don't try to follow me, I'm headed outta state  
I gotta pay my fuckin' bills, so I'm transportin' weight

Change my plates, pick up my nigga, and now we rollin'  
Droppin' keys like they stolen, hehe  
Tell me who do you fear? I'm outta town until the coast is clear  
Enough dope to last a year  
They got me runnin' from the police, nowhere to go  
With the lights out, rollin' down a dirt road  
But I ain't goin' alive, I'd rather die than be a convict  
I'd rather fire on my target  
I hit the corner doin' ninety, ah shit!  
Them bitches right behind me  
They take a shot and hit my fuckin' tires  
Now, jump out the car then I open fire, sucka!  
  
Hahahaha! Thug Life, bitch! Goin' out like that

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, R. Rouse, Ronald Joseph Lee Williams

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "R U Still Down? (Remember Me)"

Are you still down? [3x]

Now up and at 'em it's on, I was raised to be strong  
And mama told me be a thug, since the day I was born  
I came up, out the gutter never changed my style  
Got for real about my papers, cause the game was wild  
And the fame was a plot to try to change me  
And what's strange is, nobody knew my name 'fore it came  
Now the whole world is calling me a killer  
All I ever did, was try to reach the kids with the real  
All the time I was ballin', never heard my friends callin'  
Couldn't stop myself from fallin', I'm all in  
Shit's gettin' sleazy, believe me  
Best to take what ya need, but don't be greedy  
Cause in my mind, I see sunshine, I thought  
I didn't have to run, now I'm duckin' from the gun yellin' "One time!"  
Take your time to feel my record  
And if you did, chill a second  
My blind method, will still wreck it  
My young homies stay strong  
I wonder if they'll listen to a nigga when he gone  
Are you still down?

Raise 'em up ... are you still down?  
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?  
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?  
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?  
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?

I'm gettin' high, so a nigga think, he touch the sky  
Turn tough inside, in the rush to die  
Livin' life as a thug, time to face the truth  
What's goin' on with the wasted youth, please God  
Come and save me, had to work with what ya gave me  
And got a nigga goin' crazy  
I can't read the signs  
I'm blind, but a nigga know he need his nine  
Cause times, they ain't what they used to be  
Ain't a penitentiary built big enough for me  
And my niggas on the streets, man, listen  
Cause these ain't the old days  
Ain't no way, I'mma bustin' my ass and gettin' no pay  
It seems I can't find my focus and homie, I ain't paranoid  
I seen the future and it's hopeless  
Lord knows, it's hard on a young scrub  
It seems I had less problems when I slung drugs  
But since I'm tryin' lace, niggas with the game  
Wanna see me locked in chains, tryin' to dirty up my name  
And them same motherfuckers that was callin' me  
Will be the first to turn their backs, when I'm fallin', see

I should have seen it from the jump, but now it's clear  
This one nigga got the town in fear, but are you still down

Raise 'em up ... are you still down?  
Raise 'em up ... are you still down?

I wrote this for my critics and my enemies  
Last year ya used to love me, huh, remember me  
Now ya hate me with a passion, tryin' to get me stuck in the mix  
I'm stayin' sharp, got no time for them tricks  
And now they wonder if I'm goin' to jail  
Just as well, cause my life on the streets - a livin' hell  
And I can't sleep, they got my phone tapped  
And mercy Lord, come get me 'fore they hurt me  
Ran outta tears, and through the years couldn't change me  
My daddy left me alone and so I'm angry  
I never did nothin' wrong, my mama told me, "Baby, it's on!"  
And now I'm hustlin' and bustlin' bones  
Never said it came easy, I'm makin' cheese  
Buyin' all the things on TV, and gettin' skeezed  
Wish my homeboys could see me now  
Little bad motherfucker runnin' wild through the town  
Please tell me, are you still down?

Are you still down, to raise 'em up? Remember me [2x]  
Are you still down, to raise 'em up?  
Are you still down, to raise 'em up? Remember me [3x]  
Are you still down, to raise 'em up?  
Are you still down, to raise 'em up? Remember me [3x]  
Are you still down, to raise 'em up?

That's right y'all, give them bitches the motherfuckin' middle finger  
Raise 'em up  
These hoes can't fade me, don't these bitches know we crazy?  
Thug life niggas be the sickest  
You feel me?  
Now get that shit written down  
God damn!  
Took four years and a motherfuckin' case for these motherfuckers to feel me  
Ain't that a bitch?  
Are you still motherfuckin' down?  
Old ho ass fake ass niggas  
We out this motherfucker though

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Hellrazor"

(feat. Stretch)

Major! Hell motherfuckin' yeah  
This one goes out to my nigga Mike Cooley, hell yeah  
Mama raised a hellraiser

Born thuggin'  
Heartless and mean, muggin at sixteen  
On the scene watchin' fiends buggin  
Kickin up dust with the older G's  
Soakin up the game that was told to me  
I ain't never touched a gat that I couldn't shoot  
I learned not to trust the bitch from the prostitutes  
Taught lessons, a young nigga askin' questions  
While other suckers was guessin', I was gangsta sexin'  
Elementary wasn't meant for me, can't regret it  
I'm headed for the penitentiary and cuttin' classing  
I'm buckin blastin, straight mashin  
Mobbin through the overpass laughin  
While these other motherfuckers try to figure out, no doubt  
They jealous of a nigga's clout, tell me Lord  
Can ya feel me? I keep my finger on the trigger  
Cause some nigga tried to kill me  
And mama raised a hellraiser, everyday gettin paid  
Police on my pager, straight stressin  
A fugitive my occupation is under question  
Wanted for investigation, and even though  
I'm marked for death, I'mma spark til I lose my breath  
Motherfuckers, every time I see the paper  
I see my picture, when a nigga's gettin richer  
They come to get ya, it's like a motherfuckin trap  
And they wonder why it's hard bein black  
Dear Lord can ya feel me, gettin major, unhh

Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unhh  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unhh  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unhh  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unhh  
Mama raised a hellraiser  
Stress gettin' major, unhh  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major

Dear Lord can ya feel me

Tell me Lord can ya feel me, show a sign  
Damn near running outta time, everybody's dyin  
Mama raised a hellraiser, can't figure

Why you let the police beat down niggas  
I'm startin to think all the rich in the world is safe  
While the po' babies rushin' into early graves  
God come save the youth  
Ain't nothin else to do but have faith in you  
Dear Lord I live the life of a Thug, hope you understand  
Forgive me for my mistakes, I gotta play my hand  
And my hand's on the sixteen-shot, semi-automatic  
crooked cop killin Glock, tell me Lord  
Can ya feel me? Show a way  
I'm prayin but my enemies won't go away  
And everywhere I turn I see niggas burn  
Every nigga that I know's on death row  
My younger homie's seventeen and he paid a price  
Little young motherfucker doin triple life  
Though I tell him in his letters, it's gettin better  
If my nigga knew the truth he'd hit the roof  
Just heard ya baby's mama was smoked out, fuck the drama  
Wanna break my Loc out, smokin blunts  
Gettin drunk off that Tanqueray gin  
'Bout to break my nigga out the fuckin' pen'  
Mama raised a hellraiser, uh, yeah  
C'mon, uh, mama raised a hellraiser  
Uh, dear Lord can ya feel me, stress gettin major  
(Lord be my savior, unnn)

Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unnn  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unnn  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major  
Lord be my savior, unnn  
Mama raised a hellraiser, stress gettin' major

Dear Lord can ya hear me, it's just me  
A young nigga tryin to make it on these rough streets  
I'm on my knees beggin please come and SAVE ME  
THE WHOLE WORLD done made a nigga crazy!  
I got my three-five-seven can't control it  
Screamin die motherfucker and he's loaded  
Everybody run for cover, aww shit  
Thug Life motherfucker, duck quick  
Now am I wrong if I am don't worry me  
Cause do or die gettin high till they bury me  
Dear Lord if ya hear me, tell me why  
Little girl like LaTasha, had to die  
She never got to see the bullet, just heard the shot  
Her little body couldn't take it, it shook and dropped  
And when I saw it on the news how she bucked the girl, killed Latasha  
Now I'm screamin fuck the world, in the end  
it's my friends, that flip-flop  
Lip-locked on my dick when my shit drop  
Thug Life motherfucker, I lick shots  
Every nigga on my block dropped two cops  
Dear Lord can ya hear me, when I die  
Let a nigga be strapped, fucked up, and high

with my hands on the trigger, Thug nigga  
Stressin' like a motherfuckin' drug dealer  
And even in the darkest nights, I'm a Thug for Life  
I got the heart to fight now  
Mama raised a hellraiser why cry  
That's just life in the ghetto, do or die

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Walker Randy, Snoopy, Andrews Val Young, Nettlesbey Duane Thomas

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Thug Style"

Fuck 2Pac that nigga ain't shit  
That nigga ain't from muhfuckin' New York  
That nigga be out there with them Cali niggas  
Yo nigga man fuck 'Pac that nigga West Coast  
That fucker that always with them New York niggas  
Seen them with that nigga man that nigga ain't from the West Coast  
Man fuck 'Pac fuck that nigga that nigga ain't really down  
Rapin' ass nigga I didn't do it fuck it with that nigga  
Fuck that nigga man fuck that nigga let that nigga go to jail right  
And fuck that nigga fuck that nigga fuck you too nigga

I'm in this, motherfucker  
I guess these muthafuckas tryin' to take me out the business right  
I guess I ain't East Coast enough for my niggas back in New York  
And I ain't West Coast for these niggas on the West huh?  
Fuck e'rybody

[\*laughing\*]

Thug style out this, motherfucker, niggas, throw ya hands in the air  
If you got Jeep make ya speakers pop  
I want motherfuckin' police tryin' to pull niggas over on this one  
We takin' this one to the whole 'nother level gutter style thug style  
You feel me, things that we can only do as a real G  
We ain't dead yet

Hit me, I got my Hennessy find ya foes  
In a room full of niggas tryin' to hide ya hoes  
I'm gettin' high off Buddha cause the times be slow  
I keep my mind on dough you never find me broke  
And who me? A nigga livin' life like a G  
In that artillery keepin' niggas off of me  
I can't sleep livin' in these wicked times, peep  
Niggas after me cause they see I'm stackin' G's and heat  
You can holler if you want to, please!  
I ain't runnin' with no punk crew be, bleed!  
Enemies and my range is on, you're in the danger zone  
My fuckin' game is strong, now hotline  
You suckas better find ya mind I got mine  
From hustlin' and bustin' them rhymes  
To my niggas up in Quentin, Down on Rikers Isle  
Stay rile, but a nigga gotta use his styles

These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style  
These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild

Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style

I could be wrong but I never got along with cops  
It's like they stuck from makin' niggas duck from Glocks  
And all the time, my mind's full of thoughts of ends  
I'm still rollin' my bucket but I bought me a Benz (tadow)  
My fake friends say they love me but I know they lie  
Cause in the dark see they hearts full of homicide  
My mama cried when they took me off to jail  
Only me inside the cell, straight locked up in this hell  
I hear some sucker screamin' like the demon's inside  
Will 'em away in the mornin', only the strong survive  
I cry, but in my own way swallow my pride  
Pick a reason to hide from all the niggas that die  
Cemetery full of brothers I buried it's goin' down  
Even now I wonder will I still be around  
My hometown is the gutter I was born a wild  
I came up out this dust with my heartless style

These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style  
These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style

I remember Uptown, run catch a kiss  
Listenin' to Mr. Magic  
Cuttin' up the hits And even though I had a habit  
Makin' words rhyme I was caught up in the madness  
Juvenile thugs come on  
I tell the whole story nothin' but truth  
Halloween throwin' eggs from the project roofs  
And Pete and Lee young G's with a gift of gab

Tryna hook up with the hookers who was quick to stab Remember mama's cookin', no school straight hookin'  
And tryin' to get with light skinned cause she good lookin'  
And jumpin' over turnstiles cause we ain't payin'  
Call the cuties cuss words but we only playin'  
I'm prayin' I can get a buck no luck  
I had to move around a lot cause my moms was stuck  
I had family but I was way too wild  
Had to move to the West to regain my style

These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)  
Niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (my nigga scream)  
Niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild

Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)  
Niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style (scream)  
Niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the cross, but my force was wild  
Bitch-made ass niggas don't know my style  
These, niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile, juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the mothafuckin' cross, but my force was wild  
Mothafuckin' bitches

Swear y'all know nigga  
Ever heard motherfucka say all in Kool-Aid know the flavor hahha  
You mothafuckas all about my motherfuckin' hell being though [?]  
This shit thuggish, fo' life, I told y'all, it's album three see  
G sound, freestyle  
Motherfuckin' Young Thugs in this motherfucker

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Chris Rosser, Conrad Erskine Rosser

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Where Do We Go From Here (interlude)"

Power...pow...power...

Guess who's back? Hahaha, here we go  
It's ninety-fo', what's next?

Power enter my world

I guess this year gonna be a motherfucker for real niggas  
I swear these playa haters done got a taste of power  
It ain't all good in the hood  
Least not on my side, from where I stand  
And the law? Man, fuck the law!  
Niggas must outthink, outstep, and continuously outsmart  
The motherfuckin' law, in every way  
Key word in ninety-four is 'down low'  
Gots to be struggling  
I see how the rich got theirs  
Nigga I'm legit, shit  
Where do we go from here?

*[repeat in background:]*  
Who's afraid, of the punk police?  
To my niggas run the streets, fuck peace

Hey niggas, where your heart at?  
See motherfuckers killin' babies, killin' mommas  
Killin' kids, puttin' this in they motherfuckin' mark  
Now what type of mixed up trick would kill the future of our race  
before he would he look his enemy dead in the eye, and open fire?  
These crazy motherfuckers got toys with guns  
Jails for guns, but still, no god damn jobs  
And they wonder why we loc'n up  
Where do we go from here?  
Where do we go?

*[\*singers singing variations of 'Where do we go from here']*

All you niggas out there  
The clouds shook, the world listened  
We stood together in April of ninety-two  
With duty, and a sense of honor  
There is no limit to what WE can achieve  
That's all on us... us...  
Not my niggas, not the whites, not the enemies  
or none of them motherfuckers, US  
What can WE do? Shit  
I declare a death sentence to all child molesters  
Fake-ass bitches, male and female  
And all you punk-ass snitches  
We can do without your asshole

Let no man break, what we set  
Where do we go from here?

Rest in peace, to Kato, I miss you  
All the other real G's that passed away in ninety-three  
In ninety-four, and more  
What do we do? For us?

Writer(s): George Jr Clinton, William Earl Collins, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Gary Cooper, Tony D Pizarro, Duane Thomas Nettlesbey

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "I Wonder If Heaven Got A Ghetto" (feat. Maxee)

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I was raised, the little young nigga doin' bad shit  
Talk much shit, 'cause I never had shit  
I could remember being whupped in class  
And if I didn't pass, Mama whupped my ass  
Was it my fault Papa didn't plan it out?  
Broke out, left me to be the man of the house  
I couldn't take it, had to make a profit  
Found a block, got a Glock, and I clock grips  
Makin' G's was my mission  
Movin' enough of this shit to get my mama out the kitchen  
And why must I sock a fella?  
Just to live large like Rockefeller?  
First you didn't give a fuck, but you're learnin' now  
If you don't respect the town then we'll burn you down  
Goddamn, it's a motherfuckin' riot  
Black people on a rage, police, so don't try it  
If you're not from the town then don't pass through  
'Cause some O.G. fools might blast you  
It ain't right, but it's long overdue  
We can't have peace 'til the niggas get a piece too  
I want G's so you label me a criminal  
And if I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

Here on Earth, tell me what's a black life worth?  
A bottle of juice is no excuse, the truth hurts  
And even when you take the shit  
Move counties, get a lawyer, you can shake the shit  
Ask Rodney, LaTasha, and many more  
It's been going on for years, there's plenty more  
When they ask me, "When will the violence cease?"  
When your troops stop shootin' niggas down in the street  
Niggas had enough time to make a difference  
Bear witness, on our own business  
Fuck the guard, 'cause it's hard tryin' to make ends meet  
First we couldn't afford shit, now everything's free  
so we loot, please don't shoot when you see  
I'm takin' from them 'cause for years they would take from me  
Now the tables have turned around  
You didn't listen, until the niggas burned it down

And now Bush can't stop the hit  
Predicted the shit in 2Pacalypse  
And for once I was down with niggas  
Felt good in the hood being around the niggas  
Yeah, and for the first time everybody let go  
And the streets is death row, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
(yeah), I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces  
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races  
We under, I wonder what it take to make this  
One better place, let's erase the wasted  
Take the evil out the people, they'll be actin' right  
'Cause both black and white are smokin' crack tonight  
And only time we deal is when we kill each other  
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other  
And though it seems heaven-sent  
We ain't ready to have a black President  
Huh, it ain't a secret, don't conceal the fact  
The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks  
I wake up in the mornin' and I ask myself  
Is life worth livin'? Should I blast myself?  
I'm tired of being poor and, even worse, I'm black  
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch  
Cops give a damn about a negro  
Pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero  
Mo' nigga, mo' nigga, mo' niggas  
Rather I'd be dead than a po' nigga  
Let the Lord judge the criminals  
If I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
And I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
(Just think if niggas decide to retaliate)  
(soldier in eye's)  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Nothing To Lose"

The only way to change me is maybe blow my brains out  
stuck in the middle of the game to get the pain out  
Pray to my God everyday, but he don't listen  
The poverty bothers me, but mama's working wonders in the kitchen  
Listen! I can hear her crying in the bedroom  
Praying for money but never think would she be dead soon  
Am I wrong for wishing I was somewhere else  
I'm thirteen, can't feed myself  
Can I blame daddy cause he left me?  
Wish he would've hugged me  
Too much like him, so my mama don't love me  
On my own at a early age, I'm getting paid  
And I'm strapped, so I'll never be afraid  
Where did I go astray?  
I'm hanging in the back streets  
Running with G's and dope fiends, will they jack me?  
Can't turn back, my eyes on the prize  
I got nothing to lose, everybody gotta die  
say good-bye to the bad guy  
That one, you fucked, when you passed by  
Buck-buck from a Glock let the glass fly  
Do or Die walk a mile in my shoes  
Then you'd be crazy too

With nothing to lose  
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali  
Got nothing to lose  
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes

Got nothing to lose  
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali  
Got nothing to lose  
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes  
[3x]

I thank the Lord for my many blessings  
Though I'm stressing keep a vest for protection  
From the barrel of a Smith and Wesson  
And all my niggas in the pen, here we go again  
Ain't nothing separating us from a MAC-10  
Born in the ghetto as a hustler, older  
Straight soldier, bucking at them bustas  
No matter how you try, niggas never die  
We just retaliate with hate, then we multiply  
See me striking down the block hitting corners  
Mobbing like a motherfucker, living like I wanna  
Ain't no stopping at the red lights, I'm sideways  
THUG LIFE, motherfucker, crime pays  
Let the cops put they lights on, chase me, nigga  
Zig-zagging through the freeway, race me, nigga

In a high speed chase with the law  
the realest motherfucker that you ever saw  
I'm living raw, til they bury me, don't worry me, I'm high  
Living like I ain't afraid to die  
And if you could walk a mile in my shoes  
Then you'd be crazy too

With nothing to lose  
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali  
Got nothing to lose  
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes

Got nothing to lose  
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali  
Got nothing to lose  
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes  
[3x]

Ain't no escape from a deadly fate  
and everyday there's a million black bodies put away  
I'm starting to lose hope, it seems everybody's on dope  
Mama told me to leave, cause she was broke  
Sometimes I choke on the indo, creeping out the window  
Alone, on my own, I'm a criminal  
Got no love from the household  
I'm out cold, on the streets screaming 'Motherfuck peace!'  
I got nothing to lose, and something to prove, what do I do?  
Live the THUG LIFE, nigga, stay true  
I wonder when they kill me, is there a heaven for a real G?  
Lord forgive me, if you feel me  
Cause all my life I was dirt broke with no hope  
Little skinny motherfucker wanting dough  
I hated cutting suckers with my razor blade  
but everyday it's a struggle to get major paid  
Anyway, it's so hard on a nigga in this city, no pity  
And ain't no love for the scrubs that be buying dime  
If you could walk a mile in my shoes  
Then you'd be crazy too

With nothing to lose  
[The D.O.C:] I got raw when I came to Cali  
Got nothing to lose  
[Ice Cube:] That's why I got gang-related rhymes

They wonder what type nigga be a Thug Life nigga  
We be the craziest, motherfucker!  
You know!  
They wonder what type nigga be a Thug Life nigga  
We be the craziest!

Thanks to Jeremy, Greg, carlbranscombe, Brad, Mehtab Gill for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): L. Patterson, O. Jackson, W. Collins, T. Shakur, T. Curry, G. Clinton



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "I'm Gettin Money"

Get money nigga  
Yeah - aw yeah  
Dedicate this one to all the hustlers  
That get up every motherfuckin' mornin' and put they work in  
I see you - I see you boy

I'm up before sunrise first to hit the block  
Lil' bad motherfucker with a pocket full of rocks  
Learned to throw them thangs, get my skinny lil' ass kicked  
Niggas laughed, 'til the first motherfucker got blas-ted  
I put the nigga in his casket  
And now they coverin' the bastard in plastic  
I smoke blunts on the regular fuck when it counts  
Tryin' to make a million dollars out a quarter ounce  
Gettin' ghost on the five-o, fuck them hoes  
Got a forty-five screamin' out surviv-al  
Hey nigga can I lay low, cook some ya-yo  
Holla "five-o" when I say so  
Don't wanna go to the Pen', I'm hittin' fences  
NARC's on a nigga back missin' me by inches  
And they say how do you survive, weighin' one-fifty-five  
In the city where the little niggas die  
Tell mama don't cry, cause even if they kill me  
They can never take the life of a real G

I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)

Yeah, get paid nigga  
I gotta get []  
Get paid bwooy (fuck the police)  
Watch out of all this, nigga

Still on parole and I'm the first nigga servin'  
Pour some liquor on the curb, for my homies that deserve it  
If I wanna make a million, gotta stay dealin'  
Kinda boomin' round the way, think today I make a killin'  
Dressin' down like I'm dirty, but only on the block  
Just a clever disguise, to keep me runnin' from the cops  
I'm gettin' high, think I'll die if I don't get no ends  
I'm in a bucket but I'm ridin' it like it's a Benz  
I hit the strip I let my music buck  
Drinkin' liquor and I'm lookin' for a bitch to fuck  
Rather die makin' money, than live poor and legal  
as I slang another ounce, I wish it was a kilo  
I need money in a major way  
Time to fuck my girl, she gettin' paid today, ha hah ha  
I live Thug Life and let the money come to me

Cause they can never take the game from a young G

I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)

Yeah nigga, get paid  
Can't fade me boy (some of my niggas in hometown)  
[?] y'all  
That's how we run the shit in '93 boy  
Fuck them niggas [?]

Damned if I don't, and damned if a nigga do  
Now watch a young motherfucker pull the trigger too  
RAISE UP, and don't let them see ya cry  
Dry your eyes, young nigga time for do or die  
I pack a pistol in my pocket, ready on my Glock  
Ain't no time for a nigga to even cock shit  
I done seen a motherfucker peep pain  
at point blank range cause he slept on the game  
Ain't a damn thing changed, they shakin' the dice  
Now roll 'em if you can't stand pain better hold 'em  
Cause ain't no tellin' what ya might roll  
You might fold catch AIDS from a slight cold  
You better live ya life to the fullest  
Be quick to kill a bull got a pistol motherfucker better pull it  
And even if they kill me  
They can never take the life of a young G

I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
I'm gettin' money (money)  
Gettin' money (gettin' money)

Gettin' paid nigga (that's right), for my niggas in the hood  
That's right nigga, that's right boy enough for love  
Talk to hold that shit boy [?]  
Pass the shit  
Gettin' paid (gettin' paid)

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Michael Mosley, Thomas Anderson, Tyrone Richardson, Brycyn Jamari Malykke Evans

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Lie To Kick It"

(feat. Richie Rich)

(Yeah, if she didn't wanna fuck  
Then she never should've called you)  
I dedicate this to my nigga, Mike Tyson  
(If she didn't wanna fuck Then she never should've called you)

*[2Pac:]*

You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it

*[Richie Rich:]*

Jack of all trades ballin' like Jordan you punk  
Fake inside the paint in fact I know you can't  
Do half of the shit that you was claimin' in the county  
Suckas on yo jock you claim you run the block  
Polyurethane busta cracked in half  
You claim you foldin' bank but I know yo bank stank  
I lived around the corner I seen you fully smoked  
Must I say some more you weighed a buck 04  
You sold ya TV for a buck cause it was way too late  
Now they sent you upstate and you done gained some weight  
You's a baller lyin' to them youngstas quick  
Got them thinkin' you sick and representin' yo click  
But you's an old basehead kickin' too much hype  
Yo bicentennial pipe it got rally stripes  
And if they knew yo identity  
You'd probably be the victim of a stickin' (ugh ugh)  
You ain't got to lie to kick it

*[2Pac:]*

You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!), (you know what I'm sayin')  
Out to get a nigga's riches (real niggas up, hoes down)  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!)  
Out to get a nigga's riches

*[2Pac:]*

You ain't got to lie to kick it

Y'all don't hear me  
I got these niggas yackin' in my face  
About some shit that never took place  
And what you see is what you get, that's what he told me  
I peeped it in his pose, Exposed the fuckin' phony  
I'm gettin' richer so they claim to be my homie  
With them bitches, they be speakin' down on me  
Hey, it's gettin' drastic  
Gunnin' niggas down cause they plastic  
Sleep on a G and get that ass kicked  
And stuffed in a casket  
Rippin' the shit like it's my muthafuckin' last hit  
Hey they wonder why a nigga's nothin' nice  
And everytime I bust a nut I fuck for Tyson  
Cause I know the real on the bitch  
She got to skit ya just to get a nigga's riches (fuck that bitch)  
I pray to God that the bitch don't get no dick  
And got a nigga screamin' Fuck That Bitch!

*[2Pac:]*

You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To the tricks and the bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!), (you know what I'm sayin')  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches (aight!)  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it

*[2Pac (Richie Rich):]*

Well if a bitch'll be a bitch  
(Then a trick'll be a trick)  
I got my nigga Richie Rich and we be all up in the mix  
(This is Thug Life baby rollin' hoes like Vogues)  
Stay the fuck up out of mine  
(And I'll stay out of yours)  
It's a Oakland thang and bitch you wouldn't understand  
This Tanqueray got me screamin', Fuck yo' man  
(But now you beefin' on the strength)  
(That you was thinkin' I was jockin')  
Hey bitch I got no time for hoes I'm steady clockin'  
(And if it ain't about a buck I gives a fuck)  
It's raggedy hoes like you that keep a nigga stuck  
So what's up with them low life bitches tryin' to play me  
(Bitch you better see Trojan about yo' baby, ha ha))  
Trickin' niggas better catch up on they pimpin'  
(Cause bitches love to catch a nigga when they slippin')

*[2Pac & Richie:]*

You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches

Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it  
To them tricks and them bitches  
Out to get a nigga's riches  
You ain't got to lie to kick it..

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Larry Mizell, Warren Ili Griffin

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fuck All Y'all"

*[Sample:]*

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

Ha ha ha... hey man fuck all y'all... fuck all y'all  
I don't need nobody  
Fuck 'em... fuck all y'all (fuck all y'all)

Money gone fuck friends, I need a homie that know me  
When all these motherfuckin' cops be on me  
I got problems, ain't nobody callin' back  
Now what the fuck is happenin' with my ballin' cats?  
Remember me? I'm your homie that was down to brawl  
Sippin' Hennessy, hangin' with the clowns, and all  
We used to do is drink brew, screw and common knew  
We had bitches by the dozens, we fuckin' cousins  
You can throw your middle finger if you feel me, loc  
A nigga just got paid and we still was broke  
It took time, but finally the cash was mine  
All the rewards of a hustler stuck in the grind  
Look around, and all I see is snakes and fakes  
It's like scavengers, waitin' to take a hustler's place  
And when you stuck, where the fuck is all your friends?  
They straight busted and can't be trusted; fuck y'all!

*[Sample:]*

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

Fuck all y'all  
Fuck all y'all

I'm sippin' Tanqueray and juice and what's the use  
'Cause I'm a hopeless thug  
Ain't no love reminiscin' on how close we was  
Way back in the day, before they put the crack in the way  
And hey, how much money can you stack in a day?  
It's gettin' rough, collect calls from my niggas in cuffs  
I recollect we used to ball, now just living's enough  
I stand tall in the winter, summer, spring or fall  
"Thug For Life" sprawled all across the wall  
And all about my dollars make me wanna holla  
Drop an album, sell a million, give a fuck about tomorrow  
I know it's gettin' crazy after dark, these marks  
Keep on huffin' and puffin', ain't no fear in my heart  
What's goin' on in the ghetto? Still struggle and strive  
I still roll with the heater, smokin' chocolate Thai  
In '94, I'll be goin' solo  
Too many problems of my own so I'm rollin' dolo; fuck all y'all!

Huh, pardon me!

*[Sample:]*

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got..."

Fuck all y'all  
Fuck all y'all ...fuck all y'all

I went from rags to riches  
Quick to socializin' with the baddest bitches  
Went from a bucket to a rag with switches  
I'm seein' death around the corner  
I'm bumpin' "Gloriaaaa," doin' 90 'cause I wanna  
I'm gettin' high, and like I said, it was some chocolate thai  
Mixed with some Indonesia, watch me fly  
And even though I know the cops behind me  
Hit the weed and I continue doin' 90  
Until I get caught, another ticket get to kick it in court  
Fuck the law, give a shit, I'm even worse than before  
I know they wanna see a nigga buried  
But I ain't worried, still throwin' these thangs  
Got me locked in these chains  
And hey, nigga, what the fuck is you wailin' 'bout?  
Soon as I hit the cell, I'll be bailin' out  
And when I hit the streets, I'm in a rush to ball  
I'm screamin' "Thug Life!", nigga, fuck y'all!

*[Sample:]*

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

That's right fuck all y'all man  
Fuck all y'all  
That is right, I don't need nobody  
Fuck all y'all  
Fuck all the hard copies daily news  
Fuck the bitches, the tele news, New York Posts, all those motherfuckers  
Fuck all y'all  
Fuck 'em

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Let Them Thangs Go"

Throw them thangs

Throw them thangs (kick me in)

Throw them thangs (yo nigga throw..)

The quicker the nigga can go on

The faster the nigga can get his dough on

Then I can hit my flow and get my ho on

Them niggas don't know what goes on

They tryin' to fuck with all they clothes on

Then act up when all the hoes gone

Are you ready for my flow? Hit me (Hooooooooo!)

Are you ready for my flow? Hit me (Hooooooooo!)

Are you ready for my flow? Hit me (Hooooooooo!)

Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go

I'm quick to kill a nigga any nigga feel me nigga

You can't fade me I'm way to fuckin' real nigga

2Pacalypse Now still down with the Underground

Niggas get clowned when I come around

Boom boom motherfucker and it don't stop

Fuck a cop pass the glock and it won't stop

If ya ready for my flow hit me (Hooooooooo!)

If ya ready for my flow hit me (Hooooooooo!)

If ya ready for my flow hit me (Hooooooooo!)

Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go

If ya wonderin' the thunder and the trouble

Is comin' from the rebel as I hit ya from the lower level

Hit me once fuckin' D M and two times

Poppin' like two nines hittin' 'em with new rhymes

I can make you love me

Best to chill with the nigga cause ya sure can't punch me

If ya feel me let me hear ya say (Rock that shit)

If ya feel me let me hear ya say (Rock that shit)

If ya feel me let me hear ya say (Rock that shit)

Cause ain't a nigga alive that can stop the hit

*[Spice1 (2Pac).]*

Hey, hold on young 'Pac

Motherfuckers ain't ridin' no hookers out here

Punk motherfuckers think the town

Ain't got handle bars on and shit

And ya lie to get slapped behind here

With a motherfuckin' motor, punk sissy

(Tell them motherfuckin' square ass niggas)

(Check this out)

(Y'all finna come up off those motherfuckin' thangs)

(Cause I ain't finna be up in sweatin' for nothin')

(Ya little punk square nigga)

I'm quick to spit the shit get ya open

Straight outta Oakland

Fuck the law get ya jaw broken  
Ba ba ba bang bang nigga it's a stick up dee  
Turn the kick up I'm ready to rip the shit up G  
They got me hype hype hyper, am I hype enough?  
Pass the blunt motherfucker let me light shit up  
And pump ya fist like this  
Cause the cops can't flip on a whole damn clique  
So suck dick  
What they hittin' 'fo? Double up nigga it's on  
The type of nigga that likes to bone with the lights on  
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hoooooooo!)  
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hoooooooo!)  
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hoooooooo!)  
Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go  
Yes some of you niggas are bitches too  
Little square motherfuckers tryin' to get to who?  
Pop pop never made it to ya punk ass clique  
Talk shit now ya gotta get ya punk ass whipped  
For the bitches that be tryin' to work a nigga, fuck that bitch  
For the tramps that be tryin' to jerk a nigga, fuck that trick  
For the rollers that be tryin' to urk a nigga, fuck the cops  
I'mma hustle and you punks can't hurt me nigga  
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hoooooooo!)  
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hoooooooo!)  
If ya ready for a nigga hit me (Hoooooooo!)  
Stop frontin' motherfucker let them thangs go  
Uh, uh, yeah  
Let them thangs go

Writer(s): George Jr Clinton, George Bernard Jr Worrell, William Earl Collins, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Delmer Drew Arnaud, Katari T Cox, Malcolm Greenidge

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Definition Of A Thug Nigga"

"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"  
"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"  
    My definition of a thug nigga  
"Nobody's, closing me out of my business"

I played the cards I was given, thank God I'm still livin'  
    Pack my nine til it's time to go to prison  
As I'm bailin' down the block that I come from, still gotta pack a gun  
    Case some young motherfuckers wanna play dumb  
    I guess I live life forever jugglin'  
But I'll be hustlin' 'til the early mornin' cause I'm strugglin'  
    Like drinkin' liquor make the money come quicker  
    Gettin' pages from my bitch it's time to dick her  
I ain't in love with her, I just wanna be the one to hit her  
    Drop off and let the next nigga get her  
That's the way it goes, it's time to shake a ho, make the dough  
    Break a ho when it's time to make some mo'  
    I keep my finger on the trigger of my Glock  
Ridin' down the block lickin' shots at the punk-ass cops  
    And spittin' game through my mobile phone  
    The type of shit to get them hoes to bone  
    My Definition of a Thug Nigga

### [Samples:]

"Tis the season, to be servin'"  
    "What you doin'?"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"  
    "Tis the season, to be servin'"  
    "What you doin'?"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"  
    "Tis the season, to be servin'"  
    "What you doin'?"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"  
    "Tis the season... to be servin'"

Well I roll with a crew of zoo niggas  
They're quick to pull a nine when it's time do niggas  
Comin' through like I'm two niggas, a true nigga fuck a Zig Zag  
    Roll me a blunt and pass that brew nigga  
I'm drivin' drunk on the freeway, so take it ea-sy  
    Lookin' for a new face to skeeze me  
Everybody's lookin' for a nut but I'm searchin' for the big bucks  
    Give a fuck, rather die than be stuck  
    In a one-room shack, and, kickin' back  
    Daydreamin' with the nine in my lap (huh)  
    So how's that from the mind of a Thug Nigga  
Bought a fo'-five cause I heard that the slug's bigger  
    Figure the first motherfucker to jump'll find hisself  
    Gettin' swept off his feet by the pump  
I put that on my moms, word to the motherfuckin' trigger

Before I go broke I'll be a drug dealer, a Thug Nigga

[Samples:]

"Tis the season, to be servin"  
"What you doin'?"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"  
"Tis the season, to be servin"  
"What you doin'?"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"  
"Tis the season, to be servin"  
"What you doin'?"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker"  
"Tis the season... to be servin"

Short than a motherfucker snatched up by one-time  
Make a phone call and be back to ball by lunchtime  
So here we go, we in the inner city  
I keep my hand on my gat and stay cool, my attitude is shitty  
Niggas don't like me cause I'm makin' ends  
Roll in a Benz and I blaze a blunt, cause I'm all in  
And any nigga tryin' to take what I got'll  
hafta deal with the sixteen-shot Glock (huh)  
So here we go, I can't be faded  
Happy in the motherfucker, finally made it  
Got my money in my pocket, finger on the trigger  
And I ain't takin' shit from no niggas  
I'm just tryin to make some money right  
Put some motherfuckin' food in my tummy right  
I'm feelin' good like I'm supposed to, ready to ball  
Find a spot and we can serve em all  
My Definition of a Thug Nigga

[Samples:]

"Tis the season, to be servin"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker every single day"  
My Definition of a Thug Nigga  
"Tis the season, to be servin"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker every single day"  
My Definition of a Thug Nigga  
"Tis the season, to be servin"  
"Mob-mobbin' like a motherfucker every single day"  
My Definition of a Thug Nigga  
"Tis the season... to be servin"

"Nobody's, closing me out of my business" [scratched by Warren G]

(Warren G fuckin' with that one nigga)

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Mizell Laurence C, Griffin Warren

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Ready 4 Whatever"

(feat. Big Syke)

(Rule number one... niggas die, daily, hahahaha)

Hear me! Boo-yaow!

(Ready for whatever, hell yeah

What type nigga be a Thug Life nigga?

Them Thug Life niggas be the craziest -- run up nigga!)

[2Pac:]

There's no way to survive in the city it's a shame

Niggas die from my hollow-point bullet to the brain

Will I survive or will I die is what I wonder

Puffin on blunts and gettin' drunk to keep from goin' under

Gettin' lost in the madness, blunted gettin' tipsy

Got my pistol out the window screamin', "Lord come and get me"

Am I sick, or am I just another victim?

Unloadin' my clip, I'm watchin' every bullet spit when I kick 'em

Niggas die from automatic gunfire

Your time to expire, nobody cry every man gotta die

When they bury me, they bury me a G

Rest in peace, to all the homies got to heaven before me

Pour some liquor on the curb for the niggas that's caught

Had a motherfuckin' warrant but he didn't go to court

God damn, and one day we'll all be together

Until then I'm ready for whatever, c'mon

(Yeah, niggas movin' somethin' in the nine-trey

It's all about makin' money, gettin' yours

And knockin' coppers off the motherfuckin' planet

Word to the motherfuckin' nine nigga

We gonna make this motherfucker ours

If they don't feel me, they gon' kill me

So Syke, get skanless nigga)

[Big Syke:]

Am I going to Hell or will I reach Heaven?

After all this shit I did with my Mac-11

Did I sell my soul? Mama would have saved me

That's the way that daddy raised me

Oh God, help me I'm losing it

So fuck it! Take me I'm doing it!

I need to change and look for a better way

I got a hundred round clip to my AK

Committing sins I might die in vain

So fuck it! We'll live off the street fame

God didn't send me in the right direction

I'm getting hit by a diesel in the intersection

I know you're out there help a young brother

Til then I'ma smoke motherfuckers

Things wouldn't be so bad

If we got the things that we never had, I'm ready for whatever

(Hahahahaha, that's my motherfuckin' nigga there  
Big ballin'-ass Syke  
Yeah nigga, you schooled them young bustas  
On how it is to be a real motherfuckin' G  
In the nine-trey motherfuckers is dyin' daily so you best be packin'  
If you ain't, boo-yaow motherfucker!)

[2Pac:]

Dear mama I know you worry cause I'm hardly at home  
Every other night in jail, got you patient by the phone  
Wanna shake it cause I can't take it got me livin' in Hell  
Like I'm walkin' with a secret that'll kill me if I tell  
I live the Thug Life and can't nobody, change me  
Not to the brain, going insane, just a part of the game  
So much pain in the fast lane, finally a dry eye  
When I die, bury me with my fo'-five  
And let the devil feel the wrath of a nigga  
Goin' to Hell with my finger on the trigger  
Now everybody's starin'  
Got a nigga losin' hair and they wonder if I'm all there  
Well don't blame me, blame the flame that flickers  
When niggas gettin' richer (mo' money)  
Now tell me if you wanna live forever  
Niggas dyin' so be ready for whatever

(Yeah, ready for whatever  
Ready for whatever  
Thug Life niggas and we be ready for whatever  
Let me go like this, ready for whatever  
Huh, Big Syke he be ready for whatever  
My nigga Kato, ready for whatever  
Pain, he's ready for whatever  
And my nigga Bam Bam, he ready for whatever  
My nigga Banks just be ready for whatever  
Modu, he's ready for whatever  
Big Serg, we ready for whatever  
Charlie Tango, ready for whatever  
My nigga 'Pac, be ready for whatever  
Yeah, ready for whatever  
Ready for whatever  
My big-ballin' ass nigga Boom, ready for whatever fo' sho'  
Yeah, you know!  
This how the player's do it  
I know you standin' there confused  
You wonderin' -- what type of nigga is a Thug Life nigga?  
Yeahehehehe nigga, we be the ballin' player-ass nigga  
About gettin' riches, bitches, and plenty loc  
Ya hear me?)

Ready for whatever



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "When I Get Free"

[*Prison Guard*:] Inmate 'Pac, C57797, you got a visitor  
Right there, star three

[*Girl*:] Hi baby

[*Prisoner*:] What's up honey?

[*Girl*:] Hey you know it's just only one more week until family visit

[*Prisoner*:] Yeah I'ma rock them drawers. Yeah but you did you take care of that business I asked you to do?

[*Girl*:] I made those deposits

[*Prisoner*:] Okay that's cool you bring that shit?

[*Girl*:] Yeah I got it

[*Prisoner*:] Alright see that guard over there?

[*Girl*:] Mmm-hmm

[*Prisoner*:] When you get done just hand him the shit, he know whassup

[*Girl*:] Alright, hey you know E just got cracked, he's in jail now

[*Prisoner*:] What?

[*Girl*:] Yeah, Go-Go's out. I just saw him running around the other day

[*Prisoner*:] Ah, fuck that fool. But anyway, what's happening with my moms?

[*Girl*:] She gave me a message for you. She said she's sorry she couldn't be here today, but she'll be here next week

[*Prisoner*:] Alright well check this out, I got something real important I want you to tell her

[*Guard*:] C'mon c'mon this shit's over with  
[*Commotion breaks out*]

[*Guard*:] C'mon boy, back to your cell

[*Girl*:] I'm not done talking to him

[*Guard*:] Shut that shit up bitch! He's outta here, c'mon

[*Prisoner*:] Don't be calling my woman no bitch! Nigga I'll fuck you up!

[*Guard*:] Yeah yeah fool, what?

[*Prisoner*:] Let me out these chains....with your broke ass sucka

[Guard:] Yeah yeah, that's what they all say fool

[Prisoner:] Yeah what! Let me out then

[Guard:] Institutionalized, and this is your home...

Guess who's back, and ready to knock off a cop or two  
Cause me and the crew could still get our rocks off  
The penitentiary don't stop a nigga cause he's in jail  
Hell I'm makin' more money on the street from here in a cell  
I'm livin' proper, the coppers is havin' fits  
I just made the profit, you punks ain't stoppin' shit  
I still remember my momma told me  
Find the cop who killed your brother  
Send him to Hell lookin' homely  
Cause a real nigga love the law  
What's raw is a nigga that's above the law  
Keep pressin' your luck and get fucked, huh  
Think a nigga don't know whassup 'cause he's locked up  
But in the meantime, it's get swole get clean time  
Concentrate on gettin' green time  
And as the years go by, they forgot  
About the small time soldier from the block, huh  
To kill the crook they threw the book at me  
Don't worry be nappy, don't even look happy  
Put me in the hole, gave me cold cuts  
Did push-ups until I swole up  
And then they offer me a furlough  
But what they don't know as soon as I get free I'm killin' five mo'  
They asked me if I changed much  
I told em 'Yeah' even though I'm still the same nut  
They started askin' me questions about my brother  
And makin' remarks about my mother, hmm  
Wait a minute, hold up  
Makin' jokes about my folks'll get yours blown up  
They sent me back to the hole for what I told em  
I guess he didn't believe me, so I showed him  
He went home to find a tragedy  
Nigga, that's what you get for tryin' to badger me  
And anybody else that wanna sweat me  
I'm already in jail so you punks can't get me  
You better pray they never see me  
Cause if they let me free, prepare for trouble on the streets

When I get free, huh

When I get free, huh

When I get free

When I get free, huh

When I get free, huh

When I get free

When I get free

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, T. Anderson, B. Evens, Ricardo Darcel Rouse

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Hold On Be Strong"

Hold on... *[\*lighter flicks up\*]*  
Yeah, it's gonna be alright  
Don't trip, baby *[\*inhales\*]*  
It'll get better... *[\*coughing\*]*  
Aye, do this thug style, man, thug style  
When this whole beat drop  
We just gon' run it to 'em  
Bet, it's all good, uh

I never had much, ran with a bad bunch  
Little skinny kid sneakin' weed in my bag lunch  
And all through Junior High, we was just gettin' by  
And drive-by's robbed my homies of their young lives  
I never did cry, and even though I had pain in my heart  
I was hopeless from the start  
They couldn't tell me nothin', they all tried to help me  
The marijuana had my mind gone, it wasn't healthy  
I traveled places, caught cases, what a ill year  
I felt the pain and the rain, but I'm still here  
Never did like the police  
Let the whole world know, now I gets no peace  
'Cause they chasin' me down  
And facin' me now, what do I do?  
These things that a thug goes through  
And still I rise, so keep your head up  
And make your mind strong  
It's a struggle every day, but you gotta hold on

Hold on, be strong!  
Hold on, be strong!  
Hold on, be strong!  
When it's on, it's on

There's never a good day, 'cause in my hood they  
Let they AK's pump strays where the kids play  
And every Halloween, check out the murder scene  
Can't help but duplicate the violence seen on the screen  
My homies dyin' before they get to see they birthdays  
These is the worst days, sometimes it hurts to pray  
And even God turned his back on the ghetto youth  
I know that ain't the truth, sometimes I look for proof  
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto, and if it does  
Does it matter if you Blood or you Cuz?  
Remember how it was?  
The picnics and the parties in the projects  
Small time drinkin', gettin' high with them armies  
Just another knucklehead kid from the gutter  
I'm dealin' with the madness, raised by a single mother  
I'm tryin' to tell you when it's on  
You gotta keep your head to the sky

And be strong, most of all, hold on

Hold on, be strong!  
Hold on, be strong!  
Hold on, be strong!  
When it's on, it's on

(Hold on, be strong [*\*repeats in background\**])

I know them ain't tears comin' down your face

Wipe your eyes

In this world, only the strong survive, you know?

Hehe, I know it's hard out there

Welfare, AIDS, earthquakes, muggings, car-jackings

Yeah, we got problems

But believe me when I tell you things always get better

God don't like ugly, and God don't like no quitters

You know what Billie Holiday said?

Bay-bee, God bless the child that can hold his own

You know? You got to stand strong

And when these bustas try to knock you out your place

You stand there to they face

Tell 'em "Hold on!", and be strong

The game don't stop, huh

This here is black, man

If you don't never learn nothin', learn one thing

It don't stop, 'til the casket drop

Thug for life... feel me?

All my homeboys and my homegirls, stay strong

When things get bad

Especially come the first and the fifteenth

Stay strong, and stay ballin', hold on

I'll catch y'all at the next life, we in traffic

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stephen Devinney Beckmeier, Duane Thomas Nettlesbey, Phillip McKay, Philip James Bailey, Vance Branch

# 2Pac Lyrics

"I'm Losin It"

(feat. Big Syke, Spice 1)

Straight out the motherfucking bay  
Here we go

[2Pac:]

Lord help me, save me, Mama keep praying  
For a young motherfucker trying to duck an early grave  
In the city where ya can't tell the snakes from the fakes  
Fakes from the phonies, enemies of homies  
Around the corner there's another nigga waiting to jack  
He don't know I got a glock 'til his ass get shot  
Like a motherfucking thug disease  
Craving beats like they motherfucking drugs to me, hey  
What's up with bitches trying to screw me? Do me cause I did a movie  
Throw the pussy to me but before they never knew me  
Rather die then let ya play me for a, buster  
And with my glock I'm a plotting ass rotten motherfucker, huh  
Don't let the movie fool ya, let me school ya  
Screaming Thug Life nigga when I do ya  
I'm going crazy, getting dizzy  
And then I suffocate a motherfucking breather bring me back  
I'm telling ya I'm losing it

Said I'm losing my mind  
Losing my mind  
[4x]

[Big Syke:]

I'm going crazy, niggas can't fade me  
On the real I kill when I step to ya fucking grill  
So let me kick it let me flip it let me get wicked  
I'm not a buster from the hood selling whooped tickets  
I hang with G's flipping keys and smoking weed  
I get the cash and dash and never learn to read  
So fuck a bitch fuck a hoe and I let ya know  
Because they come and go like the wind blows  
What am I giving how I'm living what I'm giving up  
You can take my life and I don't give a fuck  
Cause I'm the trouble most coming from the west coast  
Where the niggas is banging 'til the overdose  
Killers and murderers, psychos and lunatics  
Nobody knows what makes my mind click  
Is it the demons, screaming inside of me?  
Hell no it's just the Thug Life mentality  
I'm going crazy shit don't phase me  
I'm living like a thug 'til six niggas carry me  
Death is on the triggas so pull it  
I can't take it no more, nigga, I'm losing it

Said I'm losing my mind

Losing my mind

[4x]

*[Spice 1:]*

Shit was talking to me, my gat screamed fire  
The bullet told me shoot that motherfucker he's a liar  
I talked to me 3-80 like a bitch on a stroll  
When my niggas try to [?]  
Nigga, I can't get fucked in this game I'm a psychopath  
My AK told me to shove him up some niggas ass  
I'm having long conversations with Mr. Millometer  
He's one of my best friends bitch ass nigga eater  
And Miss Mossburg love it in the back trunk  
You know that old school bitch she like to get it funked  
And spitting motherfuckers by the seems  
My grand daddy Mr. AR-15  
By the evil motherfucker  
Talked me into taking over a dope turf and shooting cluckers  
Said he was my only family  
Shoot straight, and please don't jam me  
Got in a fight at the club my gat started talking  
Told me to shut the fuck up and let him do the talking  
I woke up and it was sick to see the guts hang  
I'm going nuts man  
Shit was talking to me

*[Fading:]*

Said I'm losing my mind  
Losing my mind

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fake Ass Bitches"

*[Little kid:]*

Tell me about these fake ass bitches

Look here little nigga

Most of these niggas be bitches too

But you'll never hear that side of the story

So uh, we finna do this shit like this

It's like I tell my niggas, keep your eyes on these bitches

They love to G a nigga young dumb and gettin' riches

What the fuck you think a trick is nigga

Nigga done stick and wet his dick

And then get tricked out all his riches by a -- BITCH!

I'm here to school you to the rules of the game, it'll cost ya

Think you all that just 'cause she let a nigga toss her

Motherfuckin' privilege

So don't give up your conversation, give that bitch your 7 digits

When she call ya, ask that tramp whassup

And if she hesitate nigga hang up, word up

And let that bitch meditate to the dial tone

And call me when you're ready to bone, and it's on

A motherfuckin' mack tonight

Stay that stay strapped cause my raps is tight

You fuckin' punks, I hate you snitches

Went against the grain and the game to be fake ass bitches

(God, damn! You can't just hit them niggas with that game  
And expect them to accept it; girl your heard me it gets scandalous

But we gonna kick this shit like this here)

I can't stand fake ass bitches

Liyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches

I can't stand fake ass bitches

Liyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches

Time to show these bustas who's boss

Run up on a real motherfucker and get tossed

The game is deep, and thicker than a motherfuckin' jimmy

Broke hoes runnin' round yellin' "Gimme!"

I can't stand it, hoes talkin' bout they got a man

Shit all I wanted her to do is suck my DICK

So how about hittin' a motherfucker on my pager

Busy now bitch but you can give me the pussy later

Fly how I fade her, played her like a game of Sega

Fuckin' with the player that done made her, huh

And I ain't sleepin' caught you creepin' for my money

Got the dick and now you get the pistol honey (bitch)

So get the bozack, knockin' hoes back, keep my dough stacked

So where the motherfuckin' hoes at?

Punk niggas can't fade the mack, livin' fat

Gettin' paid to rap, it's like that, you motherfuckin' bitches

Yeah, yeah that's my motto  
She educated a whole bunch of you old raggedy-ass niggas  
So y'all take that shit back to y'all camp and uh  
You sleep on that there, it's like

I can't stand fake ass bitches  
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches  
I can't stand fake ass bitches  
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches  
I can't stand fake ass bitches  
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches  
I can't stand fake ass bitches  
Lyin' ass niggas and you punk ass snitches

Oh you too nigga, don't think we ain't talkin' bout your punk ass  
You old fake ass nigga  
Standin' there wearin' all them Pendletons and khakis and all that  
You soft as a motherfuckin' grape  
Ain't this a motherfuckin' bitch  
I can see right through your flower ass  
Some of these niggas is bitches too, man I tell ya  
It's gonna be harder and harder to be a Thug in ninety-fo' (I can't stand fake ass bitches)  
But we gonna do this shit  
Y'all take this shit and you play this shit for every single  
Fake ass bitch out there (I can't stand fake ass bitches)  
And there's plenty of 'em  
You probably got one sittin' next to you right now (I can't stand fake ass bitches)  
Bobbin' his fake ass head to this, dope ass shit that he listenin' to (I can't stand fake ass bitches)  
Fake ass motherfuckin' bitch, die in ninety-four

Thanks to mmulready for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Johnny Lee Jackson, Tupac Amaru Shakur

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Do For Love"

(feat. Eric Williams)

[2pac:]

Turn it up loud

Hahaha, ahahaha, hey man

You a little sucker for love, right?

Word up, hahahahaha

[2pac:]

I shoulda seen

You was trouble right from the start, taught me so many lessons

How not to mess with broken hearts, so many questions

When this began we was the perfect match, perhaps

We had some problems but we workin at it, and now

The arguments are gettin' loud, I wanna stay

But I can't help from walkin' out just throw it away

Just take my hand and understand, if you could see

I never planned to be your man it just wasn't me

But now I'm searchin' for commitment, in other arms

I wanna shelter you from harm, don't be alarmed

Your attitude was the cause, you got me stressin'

Soon as I open up the door with your jealous questions

Like where can I be you're killin' me with your jealousy

Now my ambition's to be free

I can't breathe, cause soon as I leave, it's like a trap

I hear you callin' me to come back, I'm a sucka for love

[Eric Williams:]

What you won't do, do for love

You tried everything, but you don't give up

What you won't do, do for love

You tried everything, but you don't give up

[2pac:]

Just when I thought I broke away and I'm feelin' happy

You try to trap me say you pregnant and guess who the daddy

Don't wanna fall for it, but in this case what could I do? So now I'm back

To makin promises to you, tryin to keep it true

What if I'm wrong, a trick to keep me holdin on

Tryin' to be strong and in the process, keep you goin

I'm bout to lose my composure, I'm gettin' close

To packin' up and leavin' notes, and gettin' ghost

Tell me who knows, a peaceful place where I can go

To clear my head I'm feelin low, losin control

My heart is sayin' leave, oh what a tangle web we weave

When we conspire to conceive, and now

You gettin' calls at the house, guess you cheatin'

That's all I need to hear cause I'm leavin', I'm out the do'

Never no more will you see me, this is the end

Cause now I know you've been cheatin, I'm a sucka for love

*[Eric Williams:]*

What you won't do, do for love  
You tried everything, but you don't give up  
What you won't do, do for love  
You tried everything, but you don't give up

*[2pac:]*

Now he left you with scars, tears on your pillow and you still stay  
As you sit and pray, hoping the beatings'll go away  
It wasn't always a hit and run relationship  
It used to be love, happiness and companionship  
Remember when I treated you good  
I moved you up to the hills, out the ills of the ghetto hood  
Me and you a happy home, when it was on  
I had a love to call my own  
I shoulda seen you was trouble but I was lost, trapped in your eyes  
Preoccupied with gettin' tossed, no need to lie  
You had a man and I knew it, you told me  
Don't worry bout it we can do it now I'm under pressure  
Make a decision cause I'm waitin', when I'm alone  
I'm on the phone havin' secret conversations, huh  
I wanna take your misery, replace it with happiness  
But I need your faith in me, I'm a sucka for love

*[Eric Williams:]*

What you won't do, do for love  
You tried everything, but you don't give up  
What you won't do, do for love  
You tried everything, but you don't give up

What you won't do, do for love  
You tried everything, but you don't give up  
What you won't do, do for love  
You tried everything, but you don't give up  
What you won't do, (do for love)  
You tried everything, but you don't give up  
What you won't do, (do for love)  
You tried everything, but you don't give up  
Do for love, yeah baby yeah  
Do for love

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Schack Carsten, Karlin Kenneth, Caldwell Robert Hunter, Kettner Alfons Fernando

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Enemies With Me"

(feat. Dramacydal)

*[2Pac:]*

Young Thugs in this motherfucker  
Don't break up the fight, let 'em rumble  
Don't make enemies with me  
I Try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see  
Don't make enemies with me

*[2Pac:]*

Some say my criminal experience is legendary  
I do what's necessary  
Niggas wanna see me buried  
Worried, if you comin' hurried  
I ain't goin' down, fuck the world I'm a thug  
Tell 'em can't nothin' stop me but a slug  
I went from drug dealin' to a shot caller  
From off the block, no longer rock  
And puttin' money in my pocket, nationwide baller  
Bitch nigga I'm prepared to die, Before I fry  
I hit the weed so I be forever high  
My eyes has seen so much in misery, So before I flee  
I open fire let the lord pick the first to bleed  
Bitches don't wanna see me leave, forever thuggin'  
Tell 'em bury me a G on everything I love  
And fuck the law cause the raw niggas ain't free  
This picture's clear but we can't see, hahaha  
This game is jealousy, Don't let 'em change  
That's what they keep on tellin' me, motherfuck the fame  
I can't sleep cause I keep hearin' peeps  
Loaded Mossberg wrapped in my sheets

*[2Pac:]*

Don't make enemies with me  
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see  
Don't make enemies with me  
You rather fuck with these other little G's  
Don't make enemies with me, nigga  
I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see  
Don't make enemies with me  
You rather fuck with these other little G's  
Don't make enemies with me

*[Mutah (K-Dogg):]*

The game is gettin' deeper with this I couldn't stop, I'm reminiscin'  
And havin' flashbacks when them niggas came up missin'  
(Wish in my heart, these niggas they ain't have to start)  
(Now therefore they gotta see in dark)  
(Played the part with heart when we spark they part)  
(Runnin' silly through the court),  
They don't really wanna start

(How you wanna do?)

Yo K, anyway

These motherfuckers wanna play we can do it all day

So I stay, sippin' on my array to keep my head fine

(And I'm where, Everywhere from here to bedtime)

Yeah nigga

And I squeeze when I say I'm comin'

Straight gunnin' on enemies if it's really me that they wantin'

(Cause it ain't nothin', y'all niggas is frontin')

Do you really want it? Niggas dyin'...

*[2Pac:]*

Don't make enemies with me

I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see

Don't make enemies with me

You rather fuck with these other little G's

Don't make enemies with me

I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see

Don't make enemies with me

You rather fuck with these other little G's

Don't make enemies with me

*[Big Mal (Yak):]*

Now, we're in '94, Niggas get bust through the do'

[?] in a flash sittin' on that ass

(And rarely fold)

Galitter tell 'em 'bout that trife shit

(You wanna fight?)

(I wanna light shit, you lose your life bitch)

Bee-yatch!

A nigga struggle too hard for what I got

Hustle

(And doubled every fuckin' yard that I cop and stop)

(Hell nah! I couldn't see it)

(Facin' a century in the Penitentiary but so be it)

And Jesus couldn't help me out the state

(Prepare for an early date to see my fate at the pearly gate)

(But wait)

No time for stallin'

(But death is callin')

You wanna stomp on it somebody's gotta start fallin'

(True, what I do from sun up)

Is for a come up

(Wake up with my gun up)

Cause when I sneak that's when they run up

(So it's time to spray like Ray)

(And put the freeze on these fake G's)

You know how we do

*[2Pac:]*

Don't make enemies with me

I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see

Don't make enemies with me

You rather fuck with these other little G's

Don't make enemies with me, nigga

I try to tell these motherfuckers they ain't see

Don't make enemies with me  
You rather fuck with these other little G's  
Don't make enemies with me

[2Pac:]  
What nigga? Young motherfuckin' Thugs, let's out do it  
Don't make enemies with me nigga  
Y'all better fuck with these other niggas  
You don't see it  
Don't make enemies with me  
Motherfuckers is fatal nigga  
I swear by the Gods  
Don't make enemies with me nigga  
Niggas gonna see they caskets fuckin' with these bastards  
Don't make enemies with me  
It's for all those motherfuckers that's swearin' to God  
That they be doin' something  
Don't make enemies with me  
That they touchin' something  
That they being something  
Y'all niggas ain't shit  
That's on my mama bring the drama, nigga  
Young Thugs, fuck the drugs  
These niggas makin' records, y'all niggas best to check it  
Cause y'all gonna get yo asshole tore  
They tearin' patches out you niggas ass  
All y'all niggas, I don't give a fuck who you runnin' with  
This is thug life nigga, the new generation motherfucker  
Young Thugs we chin checkin' all you junior high school motherfuckers  
Y'all better feel this shit, don't make enemies with these niggas  
You better be friendly motherfucker, I swear to God  
We runnin' through, smile from handshake

Writer(s): O'Shea Jackson, Roger Parker, Malcolm Greenidge, Tupac Shakur, George Clinton, Steve Arrington, Mutah Beale, Katari Cox, Yafeu Fula, Ricky Rouse, Randy Walker, Charles Carter, Garry Shider, David Spradley, Eric Sadler, Waung Hankerson, Chris Walker, Keith Shocklee

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Nothin But Love"  
(feat. Dave The Black Angel)

Straight outta Oakland, California where we spark it on ya  
Give a shout out to my partners in the darkest corners  
I remember drinkin' Hennessy, smokin' weed  
Fantasize about the things we'd grow to be  
Had a partner named Snupe, loved to clown a stank  
Smoke a pound a day, commenced to down a drank  
Shootin' craps in the alley 'til they chased us off  
Pour a little for my homies, but don't waste it all  
Ooohweee, who popped that coochie best?  
On my tattooed chest is where the hoochies rest  
Havin' house parties in a crowded spot  
And you can tell it's hot, they talk loud a lot  
Everybody wanna dance when the slow jam come  
Lookin' dumb, cause you waitin' for your chance to hump  
Straight grindin', everybody havin' fun  
And it's cool, 'til a fool pull a loaded gun  
Cause another dude kicked his Bacardi over  
He had to act a fool, now the party's over  
Gun shots rang like it's thunder  
And everybody bum rushin' and I'm rushin' to get a number  
Says she got a man but she's lyin'  
Why? I seen her talkin' to this other guy and  
he's a dealer so you know she gonna sweat him  
I ain't trippin', I just hope he get 'em, I got nuttin but love

[Dave (2Pac):]

Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours)

I love to go back, to the block I got my game from  
And pay respect to the place that I came from  
Cause uh, old man still drinkin', his breath still stinkin'  
He'd love to tell ya what he's thinkin'  
But I can't diss him he's my elder  
He been livin' here longer what that tell ya?  
And little girls playin' double dutch  
Still blush, cause she don't get in trouble much  
It's uh, ponytails and barrettes  
I gotta make it back home, before the sun decides to set  
And little boys playin' stick ball, quick y'all  
Get out the street before they hit y'all  
And as I reminisce, I think about my ghetto bliss  
And wonder how we came to this

I help an old lady across the street, the cost is free  
I can't take what she offers me  
And this is how the world could be  
This is how the world should be  
Feels good to be back on the streets  
Cause I know they got love for me, nuttin but love

[Dave (2Pac):]

Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(I'm down for yours)

When I was young I used to want to be a dealer see  
Cause the gold and cars they appealed to me  
I saw our brothers gettin' rich slangin' crack to folks  
And the square's gettin' big for these sack of dope  
Started thinkin' bout a plan to get paid myself  
So I made myself, raised myself  
'Til the dealer on the block told me, "That ain't cool  
You ain't meant to slang crack, you a rapper fool"  
I got my game about women from a prostitute  
And way back used to rap on the block for loot  
I tried to make my way legit, haha  
But it was hard, cause rhymes don't pay the rent  
And uhh, it was funny how I copped out  
I couldn't make it in school, so finally I dropped out  
My family on welfare  
I'm steady thinkin', since don't nobody else care  
I'm out here on my own  
At least in jail I have a meal and I wouldn't be alone  
I'm feelin' like a waste, tears rollin' down my face  
Cause my life is filled with hate  
Until I looked around me  
I saw nuttin but family, straight up down for me  
Panthers, Pimps, Pushers and Thugs  
Hey yo, that's my family tree, I got nuttin but love

[Dave (2Pac):]

Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(Yeah, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(Yeah, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(Uhm, nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya, yeah!!  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
(Nuttin but love)  
Ain't got nuttin but love for yam, yeah!!  
(Oaktown)

Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya  
Ain't got nuttin but love for ya

Thanks to Mikkel for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Stephen Shockley

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "16 On Death Row"

Death Row, that's where mothafuckas is endin' up

Dear mama, I'm caught up in this sickness  
I robbed my adversaries but slipped and left a witness  
Wonder if they'll catch me, or will this nigga snitch?  
Should I shoot his bitch or make the nigga rich  
Don't wanna commit murder, but damn, they got me trapped  
Hawkin' while I'm walkin' and talkin' behind my back  
I'm kind of schizophrenic, I'm in this shit to win it  
'Cause life's a Wheel of Fortune, here's my chance to spin it  
Got no time for cops, who trip and try to catch me  
Too fuckin' trigger-happy to let them suckers snatch me  
Niggas gettin' jealous, tryin' to find my stash  
Whip out the 9, now [?] pump your ass  
Peter picked a pepper, but I can pick a punk  
Snatched him like a bitch and threw him in the trunk  
The punk thought I was bluffin', but swear I'm nothin' nice  
Before I take your life, first wrestle with these mites  
I listened to his screams, until he went insane  
I guess the little mites had finally found his brain  
New Rovers pull me over, I'm sentenced to the pen  
Remember that little bird? He snitched and told a friend  
It's trouble on my mind, I'm with the old-timers  
And fuck five-0! Blaow, blaow! Turn 'em into forty-niners

Bye bye, I was never meant to live  
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live  
Bye bye, I was never meant to be  
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets  
Bye bye, and I got no place to go  
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, these cops don't understand me  
I turned to a life of crime, 'cause I came from a broken family  
My uncle used to touch me, I never told you that  
Scared what you might do, I couldn't hold you back  
I kept it deep inside, I done let it fuel my anger  
I'm down for all my homies, no mercy for a stranger  
The brother in my cell is 16 as well  
It's hard to adapt when you're black  
And you're trapped in a living hell  
I shouldn't have let him catch me  
Instead of livin' sad in jail I could've died free and happy  
And my cellmate's raped on the norm  
And passed around the dorm  
You can hear his asshole gettin' torn  
They made me an animal, can't sleep  
Instead of countin' sheep, niggas countin' cannibals  
And that's how it is in the pen  
Turn old and cold, and your soul is your best friend

My mama, pray for me; tell the Lord to make way for me  
Prepare any day for me (Why?)  
'Cause when they come for me they find a struggler  
To the death I take the breath from your jugular  
The trick is to never lose hope  
I found my buddy hangin' dead from a rope; 16 on Death Row

Bye bye, I was never meant to live  
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live  
Bye bye, I was never meant to be  
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets  
Bye bye, and I got no place to go  
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

Dear mama, they sentenced me to death  
Today's my final day, I'm countin' every breath  
I'm bitter 'cause I'm dying, so much I haven't seen  
I know you never dreamed your baby would be dead at 16  
I got beef with a sick society  
That doesn't give a shit  
And they too quick to say goodbye to me  
They tell me the preacher's there for me  
He's a crook with a book  
That mothafucka never cared for me  
He's only here to be sure I don't drop a dime to God  
About the crimes he's committin' on the poor  
And how can these people judge me?  
They ain't my peers, and in all these years  
They ain't never love me  
I never got to be a man, must be part of some big plan  
To keep a nigga in the state pen  
And to my homies out buryin' mothafuckas  
Steer clear of these Aryan mothafuckas  
'Cause once they got you locked up  
They got you trapped, you're better off gettin' shot up  
I'm convinced self-defense is the way  
Please, stay strapped, pack a gat every day  
I wish I would've known while I was out there  
Now I'm straight headin' for the chair

Bye bye, I was never meant to live  
Can't be positive when the ghetto's where you live  
Bye bye, I was never meant to be  
Livin' like a thief, runnin' through the streets  
Bye bye, and I got no place to go  
Where they find me; 16 on Death Row

16 on Death Row, Death Row  
Death Row, Death Row  
16 on Death Row, Death Row, Death Row  
It's to all my partners  
In the penitentiaries; 16 on Death Row



# 2Pac Lyrics

## "I Wonder If Heaven Got A Ghetto (Hip-Hop Version)"

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I was raised, the little young nigga doin' bad shit  
Talk much shit, 'cause I never had shit  
I could remember being whupped in class  
And if I didn't pass, Mama whupped my ass  
Was it my fault Papa didn't plan it out?  
Broke out, left me to be the man of the house  
I couldn't take it, had to make a profit  
Found a block, got a Glock, and I clock grips  
Makin' G's was my mission  
Movin' enough of this shit to get my mama out the kitchen  
And why must I sock a fella?  
Just to live large like Rockefeller?  
First you didn't give a fuck, but you're learnin' now  
If you don't respect the town then we'll burn you down  
Goddamn, it's a motherfuckin' riot  
Black people on a rage, police, so don't try it  
If you're not from the town then don't pass through  
'Cause some O.G. fools might blast you  
It ain't right, but it's long overdue  
We can't have peace 'til the niggas get a piece too  
I want G's so you label me a criminal  
And if I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

Here on Earth, tell me what's a black life worth?  
A bottle of juice is no excuse, the truth hurts  
And even when you take the shit  
Move counties, get a lawyer, you can shake the shit  
Ask Rodney, LaTasha, and many more  
It's been going on for years, there's plenty more  
When they ask me, "When will the violence cease?"  
When your troops stop shootin' niggas down in the street  
Niggas had enough time to make a difference  
Bear witness, on our own business  
Fuck the guard, 'cause it's hard tryin' to make ends meet  
First we couldn't afford shit, now everything's free  
so we loot, please don't shoot when you see  
I'm takin' from them 'cause for years they would take from me  
Now the tables have turned around  
You didn't listen, until the niggas burned it down  
And now Bush can't stop the hit

Predicted the shit in 2Pacalypse  
And for once I was down with niggas  
Felt good in the hood being around the niggas  
Yeah, and for the first time everybody let go  
And the streets is death row, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
(yeah), I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

I see no changes, all I see is racist faces  
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races  
We under, I wonder what it take to make this  
One better place, let's erase the wasted  
Take the evil out the people, they'll be actin' right  
'Cause both black and white are smokin' crack tonight  
And only time we deal is when we kill each other  
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other  
And though it seems heaven-sent  
We ain't ready to have a black President  
Huh, it ain't a secret, don't conceal the fact  
The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks  
I wake up in the mornin' and I ask myself  
Is life worth livin'? Should I blast myself?  
I'm tired of being poor and, even worse, I'm black  
My stomach hurts, so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch  
Cops give a damn about a negro  
Pull the trigger, kill a nigga, he's a hero  
Mo' nigga, mo' nigga, mo' niggas  
Rather I'd be dead than a po' nigga  
Let the Lord judge the criminals  
If I die, I wonder if heaven got a ghetto

I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
And I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
(Just think if niggas decide to retaliate)  
(soldier in eye's)  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto  
I wonder if Heaven got a ghetto

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "When I Get Free II"

[2Pac (2Pac as Trusty):]

Ay Trusty Trusty

(What you want man?)

Aw nigga let me get one of them cigarettes

(Here! Shit!)

Come on bastard, get the phone for a nigga

(Use the phone)

Aw nigga get the phone for me man

(What's the number?)

323-65-45, tell her it's 'Pac

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass

Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash

Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street

There'll be trouble when they see me

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass

Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash

Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street

There'll be trouble when they see me

I heard a snicker a laugh, I take a look at the evening news

And see a nigga gettin' cuffed by the boys in blue

Is it a, frame up, tryin' to keep me out the game, stuck

These motherfuckers tryin' to dirty up my name, but

I slip as quick as the wind, it's me or them, fuck friends

My foes be on a mission, tryin' to do me in

Fuck 'em I'm out to get out, they all thought

I blow up like a gauge, and in a rage, blow they balls off

Why are you niggas tryin' to test me trick?

And be the first ones to snitch to arrest me bitch

My Main thang with a nigga meal ticket only if you with the real

The nigga will kick it, I'll enforce it with the steel

Use the lessons that I learned in jail

Rule one: fuck a busta he can burn in Hell

Now I'm workin' with connects that I got in the pen

In no time I'll be clockin' again

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass

Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash

Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street

There'll be trouble when they see me

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass

Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash

Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street

There'll be trouble when they see me

Hey, still sittin' in my cell as I dwell on my past

Tryin' to figure how a nigga turned dreams into cash

Quick, call her collect, ain't no respect on the other side

My cellmate's suicidal cause his mother died

And my C.O. is a lady, and I'm thinkin' maybe  
Me and her can hook up a scheme, to be Swayze  
Cause she keep on callin' me baby, to a young  
Motherfucker facin' eighty that's enough to make you crazy  
Now how long will it take, to get a hook  
Got her watchin' me liftin' weights, sneakin' looks  
I devised a plan, I'm in the trunk while she drives the van  
Ain't no disguise I'ma die as a man  
If we make it then I'm takin' it to Hell  
All them niggas that was frontin' while I sat up in a cell  
Locked in jail, I couldn't touch her so I planned, in misery  
The nigga you don't wanna see

When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me  
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me  
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me  
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me  
When I get free, motherfuckers better watch they ass  
Soon as I get released, I'ma clock some cash  
Did some time locked down, but I'm back on the street  
There'll be trouble when they see me

(When I get free!), believe that shit  
Yeah nigga fuck your cigarette, fuck that phone (When I get free!) call motherfucker  
I'll be out this motherfucker in a few days  
I'll pay these bitches back in spades (When I get free!)  
Punk ass bastards, long as my AK flexes  
We gonna play these bitches (When I get free!)  
That's how we do this shit  
Fuck that I'm out, C.O. turn the fuckin' lights out!

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Black Starry Night (Interlude)"

Against all odds, I'm still here nigga

O.P.D. -- what??!

(Aiyyy, I got to get my props for 2Pacalypse)

(When this album come out, niggas can kiss my ass)

Did you think I'd fall?

You think you could stop a motherfucker like me?

(Introducing you to my criminal crew)

(Treach, A.D., Apache, Essential)

(Above the Law, Lench Mob, the Underground Railroad, Digital Underground gets around and we down in this bitch)

(You got to deal with me on a whole new level motherfucker)

Cause I'm gettin' paid

And the more you try to keep niggas away from me

The more I unite with mo' niggas and mo' niggas and mo' niggas

(Extra special thanks to my nigga Big John Major)

And there's a ghetto in every city and a nigga in every ghetto

Motherfucker we are unstoppable

(I owe him, thanks to my man Mike Cooley and the rest of our fathers)

(And uh, I'm not goin' alive!)

Thanks to dvmorgan for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): L. Troutman, R. Troutman, T. Shakur

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Only Fear Of Death"

Pssst... psssssst... ayo  
Are you afraid to die, or do you wanna live forever?  
Tell me, which one?

They wanna bury me, I'm worried -- I'm losin' my mind  
Look down the barrel of my 9, and my vision's blurry  
Fallin' to pieces, am I guilty? I pray to the Lord  
But he ignores me, unfortunately, 'cause I'm guilty  
Show me a miracle, I'm hopeless  
I'm chokin' off marijuana smoke  
With every toke it's like I'm losin' focus  
Fallin' to sleep while I'm at service, when will I die?  
Forever paranoid and nervous, because I'm high  
Don't mention funerals, I'm stressin' and goin' nutty  
And reminiscin' 'bout them niggas that murdered my buddy  
I wonder: When will I be happy? Ain't nothin' funny  
Flashbacks of bustin' caps, anything for money  
Where am I goin'? I discovered, can't nothin' save me  
My next door neighbor's havin' convo with undercovers  
Put a surprise in the mailbox, hope she get it  
Happy birthday, bitch, you know you shouldn't have did it  
Everybody's dyin', am I next? Who can I trust?  
Will they be G's, and they look at me before they bust?  
Or will they kill me while I'm sleepin'?  
Two to the head while I'm in bed  
Leakin' blood on my satin sheets  
Is there a heaven for a baller?  
I'm gettin' suspicious of this bitch  
The line's busy everytime I call her  
Now she's tellin' me to visit, who else is home?  
I check the house before I bone, so we all alone  
After I nut I hit the highway -- see ya later!  
To all the players, watch the fly way a nigga played her  
The bitch is tellin' all her homies  
That I can fuck her like no other  
Now them other bitches wanna bone me  
I'm under pressure, gettin' drunk, somebody help me  
I drink a fifth of Hennessy, I don't think it's healthy  
I see my enemies, they creepin', don't make me blast  
I watch the 5-0's roll, the motherfuckers pass  
By me like they know me, smilin' as they laugh  
I put up my middle finger, then I dash  
Niggas don't like me, 'cause I'm thuggin'  
And every day I'm a hustler lookin' to get paid  
They wanna bury me, I'm worried -- no need to lie  
I pray to God I don't scream when it's time to fry  
Nowhere to rest, I'm losin' homies -- ain't that a bitch?  
When I was rich I had clout, now a nigga's lonely  
I put the pistol to my head, and say a prayer  
I see visions of me dead, Lord, are you there?

Then tell me, am I lost? 'Cause I'm lonely  
I thought I had friends, but in the end a nigga dies lonely  
Nowhere to run, I'm in terror, and no one cares  
A closed casket at my funeral and no one's there  
Is there a future for a killer? I change my ways  
But still that don't promise me the next day  
So I stay thuggin' with a passion, forever blastin'  
I'm bustin' on these motherfuckers in my madness  
They wonder if I'm hellbound  
Well, Hell can't be worse than this, 'cause I'm in Hell now  
Don't make me hurt you, I don't want to, but I will  
Seen motherfuckers killed over phone bills  
Never will I die, I'll be back  
Reincarnated as a motherfuckin' MAC  
-11, 'cause in Heaven there's no shortage on G's  
I'm tellin' you now: You motherfuckers don't know me

"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas"  
"Only fear of death is comin' back reincarnated"  
"Only fear of death..." "You ghetto niggas..."  
"You ghetto niggas..."

Hahaha, I ain't scared to die  
I ain't scared to die  
To my homies in Heaven: I ain't scared to die  
Do you wanna live forever? Are you scared to die?  
Or will you scream when you fry?  
I don't fear death  
My only fear of death is coming back, reincarnated  
This is dedicated to Mental, R.I.P.  
And Big Kato, R.I.P.  
And all you other O.G.'s who go down; I don't fear death

Thanks to dvmorgan for correcting these lyrics.

